

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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NO. 913.

## A TALE OF SORROW.

One single wrong step may cost us the repose and happiness of our life.

At the age of sixteen, Eliza Darlington was celebrated for beauty, wit, and accomplishments; every indulgence which fond affection could bestow, was lavished on her; her education was expensive, her dress costly, and her friends numerous; her good understanding was perverted by flattery, and her amiable propensities were destroyed by the weeds which mistaken partiality suffered to grow up with them. Among all her admirers, her heart remained untouched, till Edward Selwyn danced with her at an assembly; his ease, his elegance, and, above all, his unassuming manners, engaged her attention. He did not immediately profess himself her lover, but Vanity whispered to her, that his eyes confessed her power. The character of Selwyn was held in general estimation; his person was calculated to please, and his fortune unobjectionable. Eliza thought it an important conquest, and left no means untried to rivet his letters; but Selwyn was not of a disposition easily subdued to slavery; with an excellent heart, he possessed sound judgment, and a spirit rather too inflexible; he saw her faults; while he admired her perfections, he dreaded lest they should overpower his reason. Eliza perceived her advantage; and anxious to succeed, adapted her manners to his taste: by this she confirmed her ascendancy; to mutual confidence succeeded mutual affection; till assured certainty of success occasioned carelessness, and Eliza relapsed into her usual habits of dissipation. Alarmed at this instability, and trusting too securely in her affection, Selwyn assumed an air of indifference foreign to his feelings, and equally painful; he first remonstrated; then finding that she triumphant in "subduing his prejudices," as she expressed herself, he affected to become a man of the world—though sensibly hurt by this change in his behavior, while conscious that her own folly had occasioned it. Eliza had too much false pride to yield to his wishes, but trifled with a rival, whose constant assidues were a grateful tribute to her vanity. Selwyn, trusting to the rectitude of her principles, and convinced that he was the sole object of her regard, felt no real alarm, but coolly seeking an opportunity, informed her, that the time proposed for the celebration of their nuptials must be postponed, as they were both young, and should not enter hastily into engagements they might have future cause to repent. Irritated by this insult, Eliza complained to her confidential friends, who, too happy in the power of inflicting mortification on an envied object, increased her indignation by raising her jealousy. A very pretty lady, a foreigner, resided in the neighborhood. Selwyn had been frequently seen to go into the house where she lived, and was actually detected holding her hand in his at the window. "I will think no more of him," said Eliza, disdainfully. "He is unworthy." Neville is sincerely attached to me, yet I slight one who lives but in my smiles, for an ingrate! I will think no

more of him." Yet Eliza could think of nothing else; and her anxiety rose to a most distressing height. "I will not be trifled with," said she, catching up a pen, with which she wrote to Selwyn.—

"Sir,

"I once flattered myself that the regard you professed for me was sincere; I am now convinced of my error, and wish to release you from engagements which your attachment to a certain Frenchwoman must render equally irksome to you, as to your

"Humble servant,

"ELIZA DARLINGTON."

In a few hours Miss Darlington received this answer:

"Eliza,

"In believing my regard sincere, you did me justice; yet I own that it is time our engagement should end, when you place spies on my conduct to misinterpret actions. Jealousy, my dear Eliza, is a dreadful weakness, the source of many calamities; were I not convinced of this, I might recommend it as it is, I can only warn you to beware of hasty conclusions; and also be satisfied, that I will be an independent master of my own actions. If you think this harsh, I am grieved that I am compelled to be so plain with you; if you expect unlimited submission to your mandates and opinions, I cannot promise to conform. Seek not to torment yourself with groundless apprehensions, or me with undeserved reproaches; listen but to the admonitions of your own heart in an hour of calm reflection, and I will cheerfully abide by its decision.

"Ever yours,

E. SELWYN."

"So cold, so philosophic!" exclaimed Eliza, tearing the letter; "he will not make the smallest concession; am I then to be tyrannized over? No, never! His letter is not worth an answer." At that moment Neville appeared in all the charms of youth, elegance, and fashion; he loved Eliza, but it was not with the steady attachment of Selwyn; he admired her person, and her value was enhanced in his estimation, by the avidity with which she was sought. Neville perceived her weakness, and availed himself of it to his own advantage. Too importunate to reflect, Eliza yielded to the impulse of the moment, and admitted the attentions of Neville as a consolation to her wounded spirit; her encouragement revived his sinking hopes, and Neville was all submission to her wishes. "I will punish this stubborn Selwyn," cried Eliza, "if I sacrifice myself: he serves to subdue me, but I renounce him for ever; his heart shall ache, as mine now does." Ere the rash phrency of resentment had subsided, Eliza gave her hand to Neville. They were married! Eliza! unhappy victim, there was a fatal revenge. The company were seated after dinner, amusing themselves with some trifling game; Eliza alone was pensive; her husband, leaning over her chair, and gazed with rapture on a countenance lovely in its saddest expression. An unusually loud knock at the door started the party; and their coasters

nation was increased by the sudden appearance of Selwyn, who, pale, agitated, and in disordered apparel, rushed into the room: he fixed his eyes wildly on the trembling bride: "Eliza!" said he, regardless of the company, "you have undone yourself. You love me still; your rashness is my death. I am about to be blamed—I might have prevented this. Can you forgive me?"—Eliza was incapable of motion; she strove to extend her hand, but it fell nerveless by her side. Neville interferred: "What means this, Sir? Why do you come to disturb our?"—"Wedding day!" rejoined Selwyn, with a convulsive laugh. "But I have nothing to do with you, Sir. Eliza's ring is steeped in blood! I remember! But say that you forgive me; say it; oh, bless me with that one word." The company thought him intoxicated, and strove to divert his attention. He knelt at the feet of Eliza; she trembled with horror; and faintly articulating, "Selwyn, I forgive you," extended her hand to him. It was her left hand. He suddenly dashed it from him; and rising with an air of sad recollection, said, "Well then, Eliza, you have much to forgive. The Frenchwoman was my unhappy sister; the secrecy in which she lived was occasioned by fear of her vile, unworthy husband. Want of confidence has been our ruin—behold the dreadful expiation!"—The wretched Selwyn drew a pistol from his pocket, and instantaneously terminated his miserable existence. Eliza became frantic; she tore her hair, and clasped the lifeless body in her arms, till forcibly deprived of that melancholy gratification—an alarming illness succeeded, terminated by a complete mental derangement; and Neville now possesses only the wreck of that beauty he so ardently coveted; while Eliza, tho' once blooming, is a faded object of affection, remains the hapless victim of rashness, vanity, and misguided opinions.

## PRESENCE OF MIND.

Presence of mind may be defined a "readiness to turn to good account the occasions for speaking or acting." It is an advantage that has often been wanting to men of the most accomplished knowledge. Presence of mind requires an easy wit, a proper share of cool reflection, a practice in business, an intuitive view according to different occurrences, memory and sagacity in disputation, security in danger; and, in the world, that liberty of heart which makes us attentive to all that passes, and keeps us in a condition to profit of every thing.

A Gascon officer, in the French army, was speaking pretty loudly to one of his comrades. As he was leaving him, he said to him with an important tone of voice; "I am going to dine with Villars." Marshal Villars, who then happened to be standing behind this officer, said to him mildly: "On account of my rank of General, and not on account of my merit, you should have said, Mr. Villars." The Gascon, who little imagined he was so near the General, re-

filled, without appearing the least astonished: Weisaday nobody says Mr. Caesar, and I thought nobody ought to say Mr. Villars.

Presence of mind seems to be particularly necessary to a General of an army, not only for obviating accidents in the midst of an action, but also for effectually putting a stop to the disorders of a frightened army, or when it declines its duty, and is ripe for mutiny against its Chief.

Ancient History mentions, that the army of Cyrus, in presence of that of Croesus, took for an ill omen a loud clap of thunder. This impression did not escape the penetration of Cyrus; his genius immediately suggested to him an interpretation of the presage, which spirited up his soldiers. "Friends," (said he) the Heavens declare for us: Let us march on the enemy; I hear the cry of Victory: We follow thee, O great Jupiter!"

Lucullus being ready to give battle to Tigranes, it was remonstrated to him, to dissuade him from it, that it was an unlucky day. "So much the better," said he, we will make it lucky by our victory."

Gonsalvo of Cordova, a General of Ferdinand V. King of Arragon, happened in an action to see blow up at the first discharge of the enemy, the powder magazines of the Spaniards. "My brave boys," (cried he immediately to his soldiers) the victory is ours; for Heaven tells us, by this grand signal, that we shall have no farther occasion for artillery." This confidence of the General passed to the soldiers and made them gain the victory.

The same General commanded in 1602, a Spanish army in the kingdom of Naples. The troops, ill paid and wanting necessities, took up arms for the most part, and presented themselves before Gonsalvo in order of battle to demand their pay. One of the boldest urged the matter so far, as to level at him the point of his halberd. The General not in the least dismayed, nor even seeming to be surprised, lays hold of the soldier's arm; and, affecting a gay and smiling air, as if it had been only in play: "Take care, comrade," (says he,) that in fiddling with that weapon you do not wound me." But the night following when all was quiet, Gonsalvo had this seditious soldier put to death, and had him tied up to a window, where the whole army saw him exposed next day. This example of severity recovered and confirmed the General's authority, which sedition had like to have overturned.

#### ANECDOTE.

A stranger leaving a company where Dr. Johnson was, much inquiry was made about him, to no purpose. At length the Dr. observed, that he did not like to speak ill of a stranger, but he believed the man was an *idiot*.

#### SCRAP.

A witty writer says, as all mankind live in masquerade, whoever presumes to come among them barefaced, must expect to be abused by the whole assembly.

#### DESPAIR.

Oh God! how injuries deth the mind inflame!—  
Curs'd be those fiends who generous friendship feign,  
Like the dire wizards spell, that witching name  
Lur'd me to ruin, misery, and pain.

All, all is lost!—my views are shadow'd o'er  
With deepening gloom which gives my bosom dread:  
From Hope's bright sun no rays enlivening pour—  
Despair's dark regions are with horrors spread.

Creation's charms are drear in sombre hues,  
Alike to me the morn, or eve serene,  
Forlorn the barren heath I roam, and muse  
On those eventful days mine eyes have seen.

Ah! that scath'd oak which frowns o'er yonder vale,  
Appears companion of my deep distress,  
How leafless e'er branch! its trunk how pale,  
Sad image of despair in mournful dress.

Oh when the genius of the tempest raves,  
I wind the craggy hill with footsteps slow!—  
Loud-raging gales of night, hoarse-sounding waves,  
Suit best the feelings of the man of woe.

While thus I wander off a whist'ring voice  
Bids me my sorrows end by manly deed:  
"There stands the precipice—why a moment pause?  
"Plunge in that surge, or by the poniard bleed."

Malign associate of distress away,—  
Thou' dark my prospects hopeless every view,  
I fear the judgment of the final day,  
And dare not in my blood my hands embue.

But oh! these pangs of direful woe to end,  
This wild distracted state, that wastes my frame,  
Come, death, oh! quickly come, pale penury's friend;  
Me, as thy victim long-devoted, claim.

He hears my voice!—I see his haggard form,  
And bare my bosom to his well-arm'd dart:  
It pierces deep, and drinks the current warm,  
Profusely flowing from my bleeding heart.

Now e'er scene is closing fast around,  
Dim are my eyes—my pulse beats faint, and slow,  
The pow'r I bless that gives the deadly wound,  
My soul redeeming from life-torturing woe.

#### THE STORM AND SHIPWRECK.

On the lone cliff, that hides its savage brow  
Within the bosom of each threatening cloud,  
I listened for the ship-bell's sound,  
The merry seaman's laugh, the labouring oar;  
I looked for vales, with blooming flowers crown'd;  
But all were fled. The wind blew cold and loud;  
No footstep mark'd a wanderer on the shore,  
The waves with anger rent the rock below.  
Shivering I saw the tumbling bark a wreck,  
Sink 'midst the fury of the boiling waves.  
Poor hapless sailors' cold untimely graves,  
Their knell the sea-birds' melancholy shriek.  
Perhaps some female at this very hour,  
Chill'd by the grasp of fear, upbraids the wind,  
And racks with busy thought the brooding mind,  
As on the window beats the midnight shower.  
But half the world, unknown to thought or care,  
Secure in costly domes, lie hid in sleep,  
Deaf to the moanings of the troubled air,  
Or shrieks of death that issue from the deep.

#### ON HAPPINESS.

That happiness may be our own,  
And that it what we all would find;  
Know this: that it is found alone  
Within the region of the mind.

Keep that serene, unswell'd, chaste,  
Then happy we shall surely live;  
For this affords, in this we taste,  
What gold, nor place, nor earth can give.

#### THE VANITY OF RICHES.

When we seriously consider the short span allotted to man upon earth, how little appears the enjoyments of the rich, and the schemes of the ambitious! All human pleasures and calamities are buried in the grave; and unhappy is the state of that man, who sees beyond this life nothing but despair and misery; whose days are spent in jollity and mirth, and who forgets that he must one day give an account of the employment of his time.

The present state, when compared with the future, is hardly worth caring for; a few pains all we can endure, and imperfect happiness all we can enjoy. The lowest situation has its comforts as well as its troubles; though the latter are, perhaps, in general, preponderant. The rich, however, are not exempt from sorrow; and a sad heart is often veiled by a smiling countenance, and the eye often belies the feelings of the soul. They are like others, often disappointed; and though they escape the miseries of poverty, they are exposed to those numerous vexations which attend the higher classes of society. Their amusements are designed rather to drive away reflection, than to afford pleasure. They care only how they may create new wings for the hour which is flying away, and which they hope shall bring them to some new enjoyments. They pursue with eagerness the phantoms of pleasure, nor give over the pursuit, till they fall into the grave, and are disappointed.

The rich, however, have it in their power to encourage the industry of the poor, and to become the patrons of the worthy; to raise merit from obscurity, and to rescue the memory of departed excellence from oblivion. It is to be lamented that the most part are examples of vice and extravagance; they embolden the face of imprudence, and put modesty to the blush. Their days pass away in idleness, and their nights in rioting and debauchery. They are only amused with the air of gaiety, and the novelty of fashion, and listen only to the commendations of flattery: they seldom turn their thoughts inward, and seldom contemplate their last hour. But let them remember, that the time is hastening when gaiety shall vanish, and fashion no longer delight; when they will be deaf to the music of flattery, and attend only to the summons of death. The rich and the poor fight the last battle on the same ground, and though they both struggle, they both fall in the conflict. In the grave there is little distinction: though some are honored with monuments, time will soon change the marble into dust; and though the rich perish after the beggar, they crumble into the same powder, and are scattered by the same wind.

#### ANECDOTES.

Paddy, who was arraigned before a court for horse stealing, after having pleaded not guilty, the judges asked by whom he would be tried? "By the twelve apostles," answered the prisoner. The judge informed him that would not do, for if he was tried by them, he could not have his trial until the day of judgment. "Faith (says Paddy) and I have no objection to that neither, for I am in no hurry about it at all, at all."

A farmer observing his servant a great while at breakfast, said, "John, you make a long meal."—"Master," said he, "a cheese of this size is not so soon eat as you think of."

## THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

Swall' Man of frail fruitless hoast  
 Shall life be counted dear,  
 Oit but a moment, and at most  
 A momentary year?

There was a time,—that time is past,  
 When, Youth! I bloomed like thee;  
 A time will come,—his coming fast,  
 When thou shalt fade like me:

Like me thre' varying seasons range,  
 And past enjoyments mourn,  
 For ah! the sweetest Spring shall change  
 To Winter in its turn.

In Infancy, my vernal prime,  
 When life itself was new,  
 Amusement pluck'd the wings of Time,  
 Yet swift still he flew.

Summer, my youth, succeeded soon,  
 My sun ascended high,  
 And Pleasure held the reins till noon,  
 —But Grief drove down the sky.

Like Autumn, rich in ripening corn,  
 Came Manhood's scarce reign;  
 My harvest-moon scarce fill'd her horn,  
 When she began to wane.

Then follow'd Age, inform Old Age,  
 The winter of my year:  
 When shall I fall before his rage,  
 To rise beyond the sphere?

I long to cast the chains away,  
 That bind me down to earth:  
 To burst these dungeon-walls of clay,  
 And start to second birth.

Life lies in eubony,—never free  
 Till Nature yields her breath,  
 Till time becomes Eternity,  
 And Man is born in death!

## INOCULATION.

A countryman, marked with the small-pox, once applied to a justice, and said one of his neighbors had treated him; but not explaining the business so clearly as his worship expected, "Fellow, (said he in a rage) I don't know whether you were inoculated for the small-pox or not, but I am sure you have been inoculated for stupidity." "Why, an please you, (replied the man) perhaps, as you say, I might be inoculated for stupidity; but there was no occasion to perform that operation upon my worship, for you seem to have had it in the natural way."

## The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 20, 1806.

Deaths in this city during the last week—apoplexy 2, consumption 7, cholera 3, debility 4, drow 5, dysent 3, drow 2, dysentary 2, typhus fever 6, flux infantile 10, small pox 3, whooping cough 3, cancer, colera morbus, cold, remitting fever, bilious fever, nervous fever, inflammation of the lungs, old age, pleurisy, teething, of each 1, men 19, women 13, boys 13, girls 15—total 60.

Young Swamy (by whose means it was supposed the venerable Judge Wythe was deprived of existence), had his trial before the District Court last Wednesday, on an indictment for murder, and was acquitted. On Thursday he was tried upon an indictment for forgery, and found guilty.

Peterburgh pap.

—CHARLESTON Sept. 6.

Last evening came up to town, in a pilot-boat, Capt. G. Geere, of the schr. Little Patty, which was wrecked in the gale on the 22d August, and

Mr. John Cuffis, a passenger; who with 15 others, after drifting in an open boat, destitute of food, sail, oars, and every other necessary article, for eleven days and nights, were fortunately picked up on the 2d of Sept. by Capt. Hubble, of the brig Polly, from Campeachy bound to this port.

The schooner sunk suddenly. In getting on board the boat, an amiable young lady, Miss Maria Osborne, was unfortunately drowned. The mate Mr. J. Clark, of Conn. and a little negro girl, perished in the boat. Since they were taken up, an aged lady, Mrs. Parais, and a sea man, Hance Patterson, have also died. The remainder of the crew are like'y to recover, though very much debilitated, and were left on board the Polly off the Bar last evening.

## THE GOLDEN NAIL.

THURMUS, a man of infinite whim and madness, was the author of some works which sufficiently prove that his natural temper was not much to be relied on. The story of his golden nail is curious. Having worked away his fortune in alchemy, and finding his schemes vain, he had a mind at once to get into the service of a certain prince, and to establish a character of himself to all the world, as if possessed of the grand alchemical secret. To this purpose he declared, that he had found out a liquor which would immediately convert all metals plunged into it into gold. The prince, the nobility of the place, and all the literati, were invited to see the experiment; and the chemist having prepared a large nail, the half of which was iron, and the other half gold, well joined together, coated over the gold part with a thin crust of iron, which he joined so nicely to the rest of the iron, that no eye could discover the fallacy. Having this ready, he placed his vessel of liquor on the table, which was no other than common aqua fortis. Then sending a servant to a shop for some nails of the same kind, he, by an easy piece oflegerdemain, when he had desired the company to examine them, and see that they were real nails, took out his own, and after turning it about before the company, plunged it half way into the liquor: a hissing and bubbling noise arose, and the aqua fortis immediately dissolved him, washed off the iron coat, and the gold appeared. The nail was handed round to the company, and finally delivered to the prince, in whose cabinet it now remains. The gold-maker was desired to dip more nails, and other things, but he immediately threw away the liquor, telling them they had seen enough. He was made happy for the rest of his life; but all the intrigues in the world could never get him to make any more gold.

## LIKENESS

TAKEN BY THE REFLECTING MIRROR, AND PAINTED FINELY IN MINIATURE.

MR. PARIEN, respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen that he has returned to this city, and is now at No. 38, Chatham-street, where he will continue for some time to take Likeness by the Reflecting Mirror, lately received from London, which only requires a few minutes sitting to take the most correct Likeness in any position, and reduced to any size in Miniature. Price of each picture, which depends on the size, and finely painted, is from 5 to 20 dollars each—the Likeness is warranted to please.

Likewise, historical and fancy scenes painted on silk for Ladies' needle-work, and all kinds of hair devices neatly executed.

N. B. A few Ladies and Gentlemen may be instructed in the art of drawing and painting in water colours, on moderate terms.

Sept. 6.

916—At.

## COURT OF HYMEN.

### MARRIED.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Wm. O'Brien, Mr. Ebenezer Beatty, to Miss Sarah M'Mennomy, both of this city.

On Sunday evening 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. Isaac Richmond, to Miss Mary Ann Simpson.

On Thursday 11th inst. by the Rev. Dr. McKnight, Mr. Charles Swift, of Chatham, to Miss Elizabeth Adrians, of this city.

On Wednesday morning the 17th September inst. by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. Richard Arden, Esq. to Miss Jane De Pewster, youngest daughter of Nicholas De Pewster, Esq.

On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Hubart, Mr. Stephen Price, Esq. to Miss Jane Barnwell, daughter of George Barnwell, Esq.

At Rockaway T. I. on Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Hart, Mr. George Hewlett to Miss Elizabeth Hewlett, eldest daughter of Mr. Oliver Hewlett, all of that place.

On Thursday last, Mr. John Titus, to Miss Mary Hooper, both of Brooklyn.

On Thursday last, at Beverley, in the county of Dutchess, W. A. Duerr Esq. to Miss Denning, youngest daughter of the Hon. W. Denning.

At Elizabeth-town, on Sunday evening last, Mrs. Abraham Parrot, late of New-Jersey, to Miss Mary Frazer, of New-York.

At Philadelphia, Mr. John Poulson, to Miss Mary Whitesides.

Same place, Mr. B. Tanner, to Miss Mary Blom.

Same place, Mr. Samuel Toren, to Miss Mary Hubbard.

Same place, Mr. H. Burk, to Miss Jane Chapman.

Same place, Mr. Charles Klarney, to Miss Elizabeth Cowan.

In Maryland, Mr. James R. Mitchell, to Miss Jane A. Wheeland.

At Lancaster, Penn. Mr. John Huffnagle, to Miss Sarah F. Franks.

### DIED.

On Monday evening, aged 45 years, Mrs. Hope Seymour, widow of the late Major Horace Seymour. She was an amiable and accomplished lady, and her loss will be regretted by a numerous and respectable acquaintance.

On Thursday, suddenly, Mrs. Margaret Smith, wife of William H. Smith.

Thursday afternoon, after a lingering illness, Mr. Thomas Whitlaw.

On the 11th inst. in Albany, the Rev. John H. Meir, Minister of the Reformed Dutch Church in the city of Schenectady, aged 51 years and 11 months.

On Tuesday evening, at the house of Mr. Jacob Harson in Bloomingdale, Mr. David Oakley.

At Albany, on the 9th inst. William Patterson, Esq. one of the Judges of the Circuit Court of the United States.

At Philadelphia, James Farmer, aged 68.

At Philadelphia, Miss Edmund Nugent.

At Charleston, Miss Hannah Howard Shubrick.

Same place, Aaron Oakford, of Pennsylvania.

Same place, Christopher Jacobson.

At Savannah, Mrs. Mary Smith.

At Ainswell, Moses Rittenhouse; and in Sussex county, John Geddes.

At East Hartford (Conn.) on the 9th instant, captain Aaron Olmstead.

At Gettysburgh, Penn. Doctor Wm. Patterson, aged 55.

At Alexandria, John Foster; aged 40.

In S. Carolina, Christian Seuf, chief engineer of that state, aged 53.

Report of deaths in Philadelphia, last week, 29 adults, and 23 children—total 52.

50,000, 20,000, & 10,000 DOLLARS.

For sale at this office, Tickets in L. tery No. V. for the Encouragement of Literature.

### COAL.

Virginia Coal of a superior quality, suitable for the grate, for sale at the yards No. 26 Roosevelt-street, or corner of Roosevelt and Bank-streets.

Also, Liverpool and Scotch Coal, may be had by applying as above.

S. FREEMAN.

Sept. 13.

917—1 m.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### THE DISCOVERY.

'Tis said the witching power of Love  
Can give deformity a grace,  
Shed lustre o'er the duldest face,  
And hide the vixen in the Dove.

While o'er the soul the Tyrant sways,  
The beauteous object we select  
Has elegance and intellect,  
And eyes that dart celestial rays.

On the poor Lover's dazzled sight,  
Altho' those eyes no language speak,  
Nor rose, nor dimple bless the cheek,  
Nor common sense one phrase indite.

But when the magic medium fades,  
Thro' which the form so brightly shone,  
And made each excellence its own,  
O! what a change in Men and Maids!

This Edward to Maria provid—  
Full of the little God he said,  
And away a foreign port he hail'd,  
Far from the angel girl he lov'd.

At length he sought his native shore:  
Six tedious years had seen him roam,  
The seventh brought the Wanderer home  
To fond, expecting Mary's door.

But Absence, love's inveterate foe,  
Had waded Edward's ardent flame  
To almost nothing but a name,  
Tand it to Friendship's sober glow.

The spell that bound him was no more!  
He now with different optics saw,  
And in her beauty found a flaw  
He never had perceiv'd before.

Now chang'd, he cry'd, in form and face!  
"Ye Gods! is this Maria? Why  
"Maria! you have lost an eye!  
"When did this accident take place?"

The poor girl heaving piteous sighs,  
Replied in accents of despair,  
"Edward, I never had two eyes;  
"But you, alas! have found a pair!"

### TO FRANCES.

Torment's with thy woes, beloved Friend!  
Fondly to thee this heart advances;  
At least on one fond heart depend—  
It cannot love thee less, sweet Frances!

Admired while grac'd with health and bloom,  
Thy grief, to me, thy worth endures:  
Short be thy date, or sad thy doom,  
How can I e'er forget thee, Frances!

From virtue though thy steps should stray,  
And ought betide thee but mischances,  
If honor, candor thee betray,  
I never will forsake thee, Frances!

### THE LOVAL PAIR.

Fa! list for a soldier, says Robin to Sue,  
To avoid your eternal disputes;  
Ay, says, cries the terrapunt, do Robin, do,  
'Till raise, the meanwhile, fresh recruits!

ALL can judge of a man's dress—a few of his under-  
standing: and many who discern a person to be a  
fool, are unwilling to believe he can be wise.

There is nothing more universally commended than  
a fine eye. The reason is, people can commend it with-  
out envy.

## STOLLENWERCK & BROTHERS, WHOLESALE & RETAIL JEWELLERS & WATCH MAKERS, NO. 137, WILLIAM STREET.

Impressed with a due sense of the many favors con-  
ferred on them, beg to return their sincere thanks to a  
generous public, and to inform them they have opened a  
Store No. 441, Pearl-Street, where they intend keeping  
a general assortment of the most fashionable arti-  
cles in their line. In addition to their former Stock,  
they have just received an elegant assortment of La-  
dies' ornamented dress Combs of the latest Parisian  
fashions, (they invite the ladies to be early in their ap-  
plications) as also a fresh supply of the highly approved  
Venus Tooth-Powder, which is now selling with such  
rapidity by them, the sole vendors in New-York.  
They have on hand a large assortment of fashionable  
gold and silver Watches, which they are determined  
to dispose of, wholesale or retail on very liberal terms.

N. B. Spanish Segars of the very best quality in  
boxes, from 250 to 1000.

(C) Orders from the country punctually attended to.

A few proof impressions of John Sullivan's map of  
of the U. States, including Louisiana, five feet square,  
taken from actual survey, and superior in point of  
correctness to any now in use.

Sept. 6.

916—fr.

### DURABLE INK,

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,

Which nothing will Discharge without destroying the  
Linen.

The Utility of this Preparation, whenever such an  
Article is wanting, need not be pointed out—Initials,  
Names, Cyphers, Crests, &c. may be formed with the  
utmost expedition, and without the inconvenience or ex-  
pense of any Implements: and will be found to stand  
every Test of Washings, Buckings, Acids, Alkalies,  
&c. which only and other Compositions will not. It  
is written on Linen as it comes from the loom, it firmly  
stands the bleaching. It is also a much better, as  
well as indeleble Criterion of a Person's Property, than  
Initials made with Thread, Silks, or Instruments, fre-  
quently used for this purpose.

A fresh supply of the above, just received by Ro-  
bert Beth & Co. Druggists, No. 128 Pearl-Street, for  
sale, wholesale and retail; where also may be had  
Drugs and Medicines, Patent Medicines, Perfumery  
of the best kinds, Tooth Brushes, Reeves' drawing  
colours, &c. &c.

July 19.

909—fr.

### MARTIN RABBESON,

At his wholesale UMBRELLA MAN-  
UFACTORY, No. 34, Maiden-Lane, cor-  
ner of Nassau-Street, begs leave to in-  
form his friends and the public in gen-  
eral, that he carries on the above man-  
ufacture extensively, and sells Umbrel-  
las and Parasols, in the greatest vari-  
ety, wholesale and retail. Ladies wish-  
ing to purchase handsome Parasols, may always have  
the choice out of one hundred doz.

N. B. A number of Gists wanted to sew umbrellas,  
or to nett fringes

June 14

904—3m.

### RICHARD MULHERAN,

Has for sale at his store, No. 12 Peck-Slip, a new  
assortment of dry goods, consisting of superfine Cloths  
second do. patent and common Cassimere, Patten  
Cords, Flannels, Dimities, Linens, Brown Hollands  
Nankens, Bandann Handkerchiefs, Marmalades, Mow  
Sannas, Gurrabs, white and black thread Laces, Gal-  
lico, checked Leno, Leno Veils, white and colored  
Cambic Muslins, India Mulmul Muslins, Silk Shawls,  
and a variety of other goods, which he will sell on rea-  
sonable terms for Cash.

May 3,

908—fr.

### MRS. TODD'S,

TEA-STORE—No. 68, JOHN-STREET,  
Where may be had a general assortment of the best  
Tea, Sugar, Coffee, Spices, &c. &c.

Sept. 6

910—1m.

### FASHIONABLE COMBS.

An elegant assortment of Tortoise and mock Tor-  
toise Combs, for sale at John Barnham's Hardwar-  
store, No. 193, Maiden-lane.

Sept. 4.

916—3m.

## TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER

FROM LONDON,

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE.

NO. 114, BROADWAY.



SHELL  
COMBS

Smith's purified Chymical Cos-  
metic Wash Ball, far superior to  
any other, for softening, beautifying,  
and preserving the skin from chop-  
ping, with an agreeable perfume,  
4 & 8s. can. b.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream,  
for taking off all kinds of roughness,  
clears and prevents the skin from  
chopping. 4s. per pot.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches  
for travelling, that holds all the es-  
sential apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses as well  
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-  
ness or sunburns: and is very fine for gentlemen  
after shaving, with printed directions, 3s. 4s. & 12s.  
bottle, or 3 shillings per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair,  
and keeping it from coming out or turning gray, 4s.  
and 8s. per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb.

Violet, double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste, for washing the  
skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 8s. per  
pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the  
Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural col-  
our to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl  
Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences.

Smith's Chymical Sweet Cakes in 6d. Almond  
Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, sing-  
ling and thickening the hair, and preventing it from  
turning gray, 4s. per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pan-  
toms, 1s. per pot or roll. Dressed do. 2s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a  
sweet beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s. and 4s. per  
box. Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cream, made on Chymical  
principles to help the operation of shaving, 4s. & 1s. 6d.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted and cotton  
Garters.

Silk of Lemons, for taking out iron mold.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

"The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic  
Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-  
knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs.

Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Lad-  
ies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but  
have their goods fresh and free from adulteration,  
which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

January 8, 1864.

853—fr.

### SAUNDERS & LEONARD,

No. 104 Maiden-Lane,

Have on hand a constant supply of

Leghorn Hats & Bonnets,  
Soft straw do. do.  
Paper do. do.  
Wire assorted sizes,  
Artificial and straw Flowers,  
do. do. Wreaths,  
Leghorn flats by the box or dozen,  
Paste boards,  
Black, blue, and cloth sewing Silks,  
Sannets, white and pink.  
Open work, straw trimming & Tassels.  
With every article in the Millinery line by Wholesale  
sale only.

August 30,

915—fr.

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISON,

No. 3 PECK-SLIP.